

The Chronicle History

To conquer the kingdome,
Then to speake so much more French.

Kate. A your Maiesty
Has false France enough, to deceiue
De best Lady in France.

Harry. No faith Kate not I.
But Kate prethee tell me in plaine tearmes,
Dost thou loue me?

Kate. I cannot tell.

Harry. No: Can of any your Neighbours tel,
Ile aske them.

Come *Kate*, I know you loue me.

And soone when you are in your Closter,

Youle question this Lady of me:

But I pray thee sweet *Kate*, vse me mercifully,
Because I loue thee cruelly.

That I shall dye *Kate*, is sure:

But for thy loue by the Lord neuer.

What wench.

A straight backe will grow crooked,

A round eye will grow hollow,

A great legge will waxe small,

A curld pate prooue bald:

But a good heart *Kate* is the Sun and the Moon,

And rather the Sun and not the Moone:

And therefore *Kate* take me,

Take a souldier, take a souldier,

Take a king:

Therefore tell me *Kate*, wilt thou haue mee?

Kate. Dat is as please de king my Father.

Harry. Nay it will please him,

Nay it shall please him *Kate*,

And vpon that condition *Kate* ile kisse thee.

Ka. O mon du ie ne voudroy faire quelk chose

Pour toute le monde,

Ce ne poynt votree fashion en fauor.

Harry

of Henry the

Harry. What sayes she *Lady*?

Lady. Dat it is not de fashion in
For de maides, befor da be marri
May foy ie oblye, what is to baffe

Har. To kisse, to kisse.

O that tis not the fashion in France
For the maids to kisse before they

Lady. Owee see votree grace.

Har. Well, weel breake that
Therefore *Kate* patience perforce
Before God *Kate* you haue witch
In your kisses:

And may perswade with me more

Then all the French Councell.

Your father is returned.

*Enter the Kings of France,
Lords.*

How now my Lords?

Fran. Brother of England,
We haue ordered the Articles,
And haue agreed to all that we in

Exe. Onely he hath not subscri
Where your Maiesty demands,
That the King of France hauing a

To write for matter of grant,
Shall name your Highnesse in this

And with this addition in French
Nostre tresher filz, Henry Roy d' A

E beare de France. And thus in Lat
Preclarissimus filius noster Henricus

Et heres Francie.

Fran. Nor this haue we so nice
But you faire brother may intrea

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